Pri. Faith, tel me now in earneſt, how came Falſtaffs ſword ſo hackt?

Peto Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garmentes with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſe.

Prin. O villaine thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, & yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince* I do.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my ſweet creature of bõbaſt, how long is't ago, Iack, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermás thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing & griefe, it blows a man vp like a bladder. There's villenous newes abroad, heere was ſir Iohn Braby from your father: you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, & hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, & ſwore the deuill his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the ſprighty Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll kills a ſparrow flying,

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath good metall in him, hee will not runne.

Prince Why what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback (ye cuckoe) but a foote he wil not budge a foote.

Prince Yes Iack, vpon inſtinct,

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: wel, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thouſand blew caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the news, you may buy land now as cheape as ſtinking mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hote ſun, and this ciuill buffetting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. but tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afeard: thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? art not thou horrible afraide? doth not thy bloud thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith, I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Wel, thou wilt bee horrible chidde to morrow when thou cõmeſt to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwer.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chaire ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crowne.

Prince. Thy ſtate is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pittifull bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou bee moued. Giue mee a cup of ſacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it, in King *Cambyſes* vaine.